

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age, and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforwardly, and Be honest—in fact, Be nobody else but you."

WHEN THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN.

When the circus comes to town Mamma does her best to go. "I say," she says, "I can't go. But the children like it so."

Nurse says: "I am so tired. But you know that I am tired. And the children need me, too. So I'll go along with you."

Sister looks so dignified. And she looks so dignified. Says she: "I am so tired. But you know that I am tired. And the children need me, too. So I'll go along with you."

Daddy acts the part of a sage. Says: "Of course, one at my age does not care for all this noise. Like they did when they were boys."

Says: "I am feeling awful weak. Guess I had better rest a streak. Business is so bad, and I am so tired. Believe I'll go out to the play."

Then we children, too, go. For their talk is far too thin; They are nearly dead to go. But they hate to have us know. G. L. Moore in Farm and Home.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

There is an old saying: "It never rains but it pours," which is true, but the rain pours in some parts of the earth more than it does in others.

Here in Norwich, for instance, the average rainfall is not quite four feet a year on the level, and that is about the average for the "New England coast-line—a little over 3-1/2 inches a month.

At Kuranda, in Australia, they have had 189.59 inches, nearly 19 feet; in four months, which is the heaviest rainfall ever made a record of on earth.

At Aden, in Arabia, they had not had a rain for 10 years, heavy night dews, to some extent, meeting the requirements; and the drinking water has to be brought in from nearby rainy zones.

According to meteorologists, men who make a study of the weather, we have three wet years and two years of lesser rains, or two wet years and two so-called dry years, so we have order in the rainfall, and there is order in the rain drops, for they have been caught and measured and found to be quite uniform in size.

How does the rain reach the sky? It is a part of the sun's work to lift water in the form of mist every day, and the work of the cold air to drop it in water or snowflakes; and Jack Frost is such a fine artist that he has his own crystals showered upon us in thousands of handsome patterns.

Perhaps you have never thought of the weight of water, but the great storms a million tons of water have dropped from the sky upon the earth.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

—George Blenestock, of Rockville—Tom Fairfield's Luck and Pluck.
—Edith P. Baker, of Pomfret Center—The Out of Door Girls of Deepdale.

—Lillian Brehaut, of East Norwich, N. Y.—Tom Fairfield's School Days.
—Veronica F. V. Tucker, of Versailles—The Bobby Twins.

—Marion Royce, of Norwich—The Speedwell Dogs in a Submarine.
—Elizabeth Parker, of Mansfield—Fred Fenton on the Crew.

—Elsie Lang, of Norwich—The Speedwell Boys and Their Racing Auto.
—Sadie Shea, of Versailles—Dolly's Doings.

The winners of prize books may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

JEFF AND PETER

Jeff, a Boston bull-dog, and Peter, a large tiger cat, live together, in the same house, and are fast friends. There is a mutual understanding between this cat and dog at the present time.

Jeff lived in the country before coming to Portland. His home was on a farm where he roamed at his pleasure in the broad fields, and barked at his own echo at nightfall in the edge of the pine woods.

He has very lively forgotten now, that he was very lively in the country; he might deny the fact among pompous city dogs. He seems to enjoy his privileges here in a very independent manner. Jeff has a good run every morning, going directly to Woodford's, calling at the fish market, where he is acquainted, and several places where he had made several places children. One day he lost his way and was picked up and carried to the station house. He stayed there over night, had a comfortable bed and a dish of milk. His mistress was after him to get home. He seemed very glad to get home.

When Peter came to us, a "stray" cat, he was made welcome. At first, he was quite reticent by this enormous cat, who held him at bay, with a calm indifference, a savage smart and spit, as well as a sharp claw that did not leave a pleasing sensation on Jeff's nose. Peter walked with an imperious air into the kitchen, helped himself to the dish of milk placed on the floor for Jeff. By degrees Peter and Jeff soon became acquainted. Their friendship was stronger day by day.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Lucy A. Carter, of Hampton—I thank you very much for the prize book I received. I am very much pleased to have a book of this kind. I find them both very interesting.

Bertha N. Burrill, of Stafford Springs—I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me, entitled "The Speedwell Boys on Motorcycles."

Nancy Tetrault, of Versailles—I received the pretty prize book you sent me, and thank you very much for it. I enjoyed passing the pictures in the book. The story was very interesting.

Rose Egan, of Williamstown—I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me, entitled "The Camp Fire Girls." I have read it and find it very interesting. I thank you very much for it.

Helen M. Reynolds, of Eastville—I received my prize book entitled "The Camp Fire Girls." I have read it and find it very interesting. I thank you very much for it.

Katherine Gorman, of Versailles—I thank you very much for the nice prize book you sent me. I have read it and found it very interesting.

Francoise Davis, of Eastville—I was very much surprised to receive the nice prize book, "Naughty," for me. I have enjoyed the story very much and wish to thank you.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

First-Choice or Last.

The other day the boys were playing a game where it was necessary to choose one of the older boys to be "first choice" or "last choice." As they said, and as each one was anxious to get the best players in his side, the game was a little more interesting.

In about fifteen minutes after he had run out of his home, Fred came to him. Fred came to him, and he was very much surprised to see him. Fred came to him, and he was very much surprised to see him.

"Why, of course," exclaimed Fred, "I am going to play!" she asked.

"No, I guess not," he said. "Has anything gone wrong?" Then his lips trembled as he said, "The boys chose sides for the game, and I was the last one chosen. So I didn't want to play at all."

Fred's mother seemed to be thinking. "Would you rather be chosen first or last?" she asked.

"That's strange," said his mother thoughtfully. "Only this morning I wanted someone to go on an errand for me, and you were the first one I thought of."

Fred had nothing to say. But he made up his mind that the next time he was in his mother's first choice, he would try to be more cheerful about it.

ALIX DUGAS, Age 13.

Sponges.

Sponges are animals that are found in the bottom of the sea. They grow on rocks to which they are fixed by kind of root, some in deep water and some in shallow. In cold climates they are usually small, but in hot climates they are very large and plentiful.

When first taken out of the water sponges are dark colored and they are made up of a jelly-like substance. They get their food by the water which is drawn into them.

The divers go out in a boat and are let down to the bottom by ropes with a heavy stone at the end. When a diver finds a sponge he tears them off the rocks, puts them under his arms and carries them to the surface. A signal to his companion to draw him up again. Sponges have many uses.

BERTHA N. BURRILL, Age 15.

An Outing to Van Cortland Park.

The club which I belong to, in New York city, went on an annual outing to Van Cortland Park. When we got to the park we went out for a walk in the field we occupied the year before.

We were much surprised also to find that the field was made into a real baseball field. The boys suggested that companies of boys of about four in number were to go in all directions to look for good baseball fields; they also made up a signal whistle in case a boy should find a good field.

The company with which I went found a nice field to play in; also a spring of water was found near by. The boys had a very good time, but they were too far from the water. Therefore the boys went to our field.

The boys had a game of base ball, and the captain of the winning side in his travels and thought it would be a fine lunch when he was hungry, he started to eat. He started to eat, but he was so full that he could not eat. He started to eat, but he was so full that he could not eat.

Only a few days following this hair-breadth escape of Peter, his mistress proved his gratitude toward his cat. He picked up a bone in his travels and thought it would be a fine lunch when he was hungry, he started to eat. He started to eat, but he was so full that he could not eat.

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was presented with a cardboard base ball filled with candy.

After the game we ate out lunch and took a rest. We then had some dashes, wheel barrow races, three-legged races, and a race up a very high stone pile, and down. The more the events were presented with a cake of milk chocolate.

The supervisor of the club snapped some pictures of the boys when they did not know it. We took some large pictures of the club also.

It was a very nice day and I think all the boys who were present enjoyed this outing as much as I did. GEORGE BLINESTOCK, Age 14.

What Bessie Wished to Do.

She was trudging down the street, a wee maiden of six or seven years, holding a small basket in one hand and a piece of money tightly wrapped in paper in the other hand. As she drew near a crossing she met another girl who looked at her and was passing a large, fat, round, red apple.

"Oh, oh!" cried the other, catching her breath with delight. "I saw you playing in the garden when I peeped through the fence. I'll ask my mamma this minute." Then she turned back to say that her name was Patty.

"I'm going to the store, and I'll call on my mamma," Bessie said sweetly. And away she went, the little woman went down the street softly humming a tune to herself from her happiness.

She was thinking of the remark her mother had made, "I understand that our new neighbors next door are from a distant land." The little girl had said, "I must call on the mother and try and make things pleasant for her. I suppose she feels strange and lonely here."

"I want to make things nice for Patty, too," Bessie murmured to herself. And she went on, her heart full of plans.

At 3 o'clock the party left the school and went to the woods in hopes of finding a place where flowers grew in abundance.

On entering the shady arbor of the woods the party came to a standstill, and then pulled at the roots as a signal to his companion to draw him up again. Sponges have many uses.

When the storm cleared away, we were puzzled how to get home, when the cottage said he would take us back to the town, for it was four miles away.

Arrived home about 8 o'clock that night and the joy for our parents as well as for ourselves was equally great.

JAMES KELLY, Age 14.

How to Prepare Corn for Planting.

Grow the kind likely to pay best, for a market for roasting ears or cannery factory sweet corn may prove more profitable than the other.

If you have many cows field-corn pays best. If your corn grows too tall, take up work with the stalks do not let them rot.

Select seed from the very best ears in the field as soon as ripe. Select at least 10 ears of the best quality. It is still better to select some of the same variety. Such work of the sort should be done in the early spring before the corn is planted.

The best time to grade seed corn is before shelling. Even if the corn is to be planted in the fall, it should be graded before shelling. The best time to grade seed corn is before shelling.

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had got tired of waiting for them and had come after them.

Both girls went home quite disgusted with themselves, and realising that when everyone else made such fun over it.

EDITH B. BAKER, Age 15.

In Cold Countries.

It is for the boys and girls when winter comes and the ground is white with snow. Then they can play with their sleds and build men and houses of snow.

This is all very well for a while, but how many boys and girls would like to live where it is winter nearly the whole year round?

There are such places. One is Greenland, so-called, but very little green is to be found there, for the ground is covered with snow nearly every month in the year.

The people of Greenland are called Eskimos. Many of them live in snow houses; these houses are quite warm, and are made warmer by large lamps which fat is burned.

The clothes of the Eskimo are made of the skins of animals. They would look very queer to us if we should see him dressed for cold weather, but his clothes are made of what is needed in his country.

There are no horses in Greenland, so dogs are used in their stead. The Eskimo has a large, strong, heavy dog, and looks something like a wolf. About twelve of these dogs will draw a sled with a load of goods or a man.

As the Eskimo man knows how to shoot, the Eskimo boy's first toy is a bow and a bundle of arrows. He has long black hair, black eyes, and is dressed in silk. She is the daughter of a rich officer.

Her father would not be at home but once in two or three years. But he remembered Chenchu and loved her, and he determined to send her to school. She had a nurse to wait on her, a teacher to teach her, and her mother came to see her.

She had four brothers, named Punch, Judy, Xatou and Yuchan. But she could not play with them, for she was a girl, and they were boys. She was a girl, and they were boys.

To comfort her, her mother bought her a sled and a pair of skis. She had a sled and a pair of skis. She had a sled and a pair of skis.

Chenchu's mother had a sap from some kind of a tree, and this cured Chenchu. After this, Chenchu always carried her.

SADIE SHEA, Age 11.

My Ride to Storrs.

Last Sunday afternoon I took a ride with some of my folks up to Storrs Agricultural college, where my sister is attending school. We all rode in our new car.

We went up through Lebanon, South Windham and Williamstown, then through Mansfield to Storrs. We all rode in our new car.

Entering the grounds on the south end through a winding drive we came to a large, modern building, which was the dormitory. The building was very large and modern.

Then an angel came and gave it glass leaves. The wind blew and blew, and the leaves fell on the ground and broke.

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